EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

VOL. II.—No. 5. BOSTON, NOVEMBER 14, 1886. { Entered as second-class mail matter.

"TWELVE HOURS IN A DAY
SOME FOR WORK, SOME FOR PLAY."
TWELVE O·CLOCK.
TWELVE! THOUGH LONG WATCHED FOR, COMES AT LAST,
AND AS EACH STROKE FLOATS CLEARLY PAST,
THE EAGER CHILDREN KNOW THAT SOON
SCHOOL-DOORS WILL OPEN WIDE. 'TIS NOON!
HOW GLADLY ALL
THOSE SCHOLARS SMALL
RUN OUT, TO PLAY
THE HOURS AWAY!
WITH MERRY LAUGHTER RINGING,
HAPPY VOICES SINGING,
THEY SCAMPER HOME TOGETHER,
SUNSHINE WITH THEM BRINGING.

THE DIFFICULT DUTY.

[Translated for EVERY OTHER SUNDAY from the French of Madame Guizot, by Katherine Hagar.]

CHARACTERS:

M. de Flaumont, Henry, Gustavus, Clementina.

"CHILDREN," said M. de Flaumont one day, "I will tell you a story that I have heard, as I wish your opinion of it."

Henry, Clementina, and Gustavus hastened to sit down around him, and he related to them the following story: —

A workman whose name was Paul, the father of several children, who depended on his labor for their support, was walking on the bank of a river that had been much swollen by recent rains. The water whirled about one of the supports of the bridge near him, and dashed against it the wreck of a boat loaded with boards. Paul looked at the torrent, and although he was a skilful swimmer, and had more than once saved men from drowning at this very spot, he thought to himself, "If I were to fall in, I could hardly escape alive;" for the water rushed along so furiously that Paul, courageous as he was, realized the danger, and he thought also of his children, who depended on him for support, — of his oldest son, twelve years old, who gave promise of becoming a good workman, but who, if he should lose his father, would have no one to instruct or protect him. He thought of his daughter, still a helpless girl, and of the little one hardly out of the nurse's arms, whom his sister took care of, because their mother was dead. He thought with satisfaction of the good care he was giving them, that they were well fed and comfortably dressed; and he said to himself, "This would all be changed if I were brought home, drowned." And while saying this, he stepped back from the bank, as if he were afraid of being carried away by the water. As he was walking along, he saw on the bridge a man carrying a package of old iron. The man was looking at the water, and following with his eyes a board just passing under the bridge. He stooped over to watch it; he leaned too far, became giddy. The heavy package on his shoulder caused him to lose his balance, and uttering a dreadful cry, he fell into the water. Paul, too, cried out in agony. He wished to aid the unfortunate man perishing before his eyes; but the recollection of his helpless family kept him on the shore. In dreadful anguish he looked around him; seeing a long pole, he seized it, and wading into the water he tried to push a plank out to the drowning man. But all his efforts were in vain. The poor man sank, then rose, and finally disappeared entirely. Paul remained on the shore, motionless, his eyes fixed on the place where he had seen the unfortunate man disappear. After watching for some hours, he returned home, overcome by sadness, but saying to himself, "I think I have not done wrong." He could not eat or sleep for several days, hardly answering when any one spoke to him. His neighbors seeing him in this condition, questioned him. He told the story to them. The greater number thought he was right. A few blamed him; but he always said, "I think, however, I have not done wrong." What do you think of it?

Clementina. — He ought certainly to have preserved his life for his children.

Henry. — Yes; we can always find a good excuse for not doing what we ought to do.

Gustavus. — But he owed nothing to this man who was so awkward as to fall into the water, and whom he did not know.

Henry. — Papa has told us that we must always do all the good we can, and Paul might have tried to save this man; he was not sure of perishing with him.

Clementina. — It was, however, probable.

Henry. — There would not be a great deal of merit in doing courageous actions, if we were sure there was no danger.

M. de Flaumont. — But think then, my son, that if he had exposed himself to this danger he would have also exposed his children to the danger of dying of misery. Do you not think that this consideration was important enough to counterbalance the desire he would naturally have to save a drowning man?

Henry. — It is possible, papa; but we always admire a man who has exposed his life to save another more than we do one who has considered so carefully the reasons for not doing it.

M. de Flaumont. — That is very true; but let us suppose that Paul had really a desire to leap into the water to save this man, and that his interest in and care for his children prevented him; do you not think that he merits esteem rather than reproach?

Henry. — I know one thing, and that is, that I would not like to be in such a situation.

Clementina. — We do not know what he ought to have done.

Gustavus. — Well, while you are reflecting, the man would have stayed in the water, and the result would have been the same.

M. de Flaumont. — We must avoid indecision; and we ought to have the habit of reflecting about the order of our duties, so that we may know without hesitation which should have precedence.

Henry. — But if two are equally important?

M. de Flaumont. — That is not possible.

Clementina. — Then you think, papa, that the duty of taking care of his children was the most important of all his duties?

M. de Flaumont. — Not the most important. A man's first duty is to be honest, to injure no one, and not to betray any interests intrusted to him.

Clementina. — But the care of his children had been intrusted to him.

Henry. — I can hardly believe that because a man has children who are dependent on him, he should never expose himself to any danger in his efforts to aid other people.

M. de Flaumont. — Let me finish Paul's history to you.

Clementina. — I thought it was finished.

Gustavus. — Oh, tell us, papa!

M. de Flaumont. — Paul, as I have told you, could hardly be consoled. He often said to himself, "The river was not so high; I was too easily frightened; we might have both escaped;" he could not bear to pass on that side of the river, and he often took a long walk to avoid the place. When he heard, as he did several times, that the people who came there to bathe were drowned, it grieved him inexpressibly. It was strange that his last adventure had made him afraid of the water, for he had heretofore been very courageous; but he thought constantly, "Now that I have sacrificed so much for my children, I must not fail them;" and he avoided every danger with the utmost care. His neighbors began to say, "Paul has become a coward." And they believed that his cowardice had prevented his leaping into the water to save the stranger. From that time he was more diligent than ever in his work, not losing a moment; as though he were afraid of dying before he should succeed in placing his children where they could take care of themselves. The oldest son became an excellent workman, was married, and well established in another city; his daughter married a successful merchant; and the village schoolmaster taking a fancy to the little one, because he studied well, asked his father to let him come and assist him in his school, promising to leave it to him at the end of a few years.

The day that Paul had established his son with the schoolmaster, knowing that his children no longer needed him, he felt himself relieved from a great burden; and in the joy that he experienced it seemed to him that the courage which he had lost about twelve years before was restored to him. He left his work earlier than usual and went alone for a walk. For the first time for twelve years, he turned his steps towards the river's edge, thinking of the different persons whom he had saved before the fatal day had robbed him of his boldness. It was an autumn day; the weather was gloomy and cold; the rains had swollen the river, a violent wind agitated it; it looked as it did when Paul had seen it the last time. He drew near and examined it attentively. "The river is very high," said he; "however, if I throw myself in to-day, I am sure I could save myself;" and he said this because no longer having the fear of forsaking his children, he cared not for the danger. Raising his eyes to the place on the bridge from which the poor man whom he had not aided had fallen, he saw a very young man coming towards the parapet. The lad looked at the water for some time, Paul still watching him. Finally, he mounted the parapet, and seemed to be trembling. Paul cried out, "You will fall!" As he spoke, the young man leaped into the river. Paul, as though he had had a presentiment, had his hand on his coat. He tore it off, and was in the river almost as soon as the youth, swimming to the spot where he had seen him fall. He reached him as he has struggling in the water; and, by a movement natural to a drowning person, the young man clung to Paul so that he could hardly swim. Paul thought that they would both drown. At last he managed to give him a kick, which made him let go his hold. He seized him by his hair. The youth had lost consciousness. Paul, holding him on one arm, attempted to swim to the shore. The wind was terrible; the violent rain beat on his head and face, so that he could hardly see; the wind and the current carried him towards the whirling water. Paul redoubled his efforts; finally, he succeeded in reaching the shore, and they were saved.

The youth was like a dead man; but Paul having already had experience in saving drowning persons, knew what was necessary to do in order to recall him to life. He succeeded in reanimating him, and as soon as he saw that he was breathing, he carried him to his house, where, by dint of care, the young man was entirely restored. He was about seventeen years old, and appeared utterly exhausted with misery and sickness. As soon as he was able to speak, Paul asked him what had induced him to throw himself into the river. The poor boy, whose name was Andrew, told him it was misery and despair. He related that twelve years before, his father had been accidentally drowned in this same river, and his body had been found some days after. Paul trembled when he heard this, but said nothing. Andrew continued his narration by telling him that he had lived till he was ten years old with his mother, who supported him as she could by her work;

that he had lost her then, and he had tried since to earn his own living by working in one place and another, — sometimes in harvesting, sometimes in threshing, sometimes by working for masons; that he had suffered much, often had wanted food; finally he had fallen sick, and on going out of the hospital not well nor strong, without money, shelter, or work, he had been obliged to sleep in the fields, had gone two days without food, and on the evening of the second day, as he passed over the bridge from which he had been told that his father had fallen, despair had seized him, and he had thrown himself into the water.

Paul, listening to this recital, thought, "Since I have saved this one, I might have saved the other." But he thought afterwards, "If we had both perished, my children would have suffered as Andrew has." He rejoiced that he had saved Andrew, and he promised himself never again to be afraid of the rushing river, especially as his children had no longer any need of him. He could not, however, keep this resolution; for the day after he had saved Andrew, he was seized with a violent fever, accompanied by sharp pains in every part of his body. He grew worse on the morrow, and the following day his life was despaired of. In his moments of delirium, he was troubled about his children; but as soon as his consciousness returned he remembered that he had established them all in comfortable homes, and he appeared happy in spite of his suffering. Andrew, who began to regain his strength, nursed him with the greatest zeal, and wept beside his bed when he was worse.

Paul did not die, but was always after this sickness subject to pain, which sometimes deprived him of the use of his limbs. And when he had these attacks and could not move an arm or a leg, he would say, "What if I had been like this, when I had my children to take care of?" Andrew, whom he kept with him, learned his trade well enough to aid him when he could work, and to work under his direction when he was sick. The shop continued to prosper, even more because every one was interested in Paul and Andrew. Paul, when he spoke of the father of Andrew, used to say, "Poor man, I feel sure that God has forgiven me, for he knows I could not have acted differently."

M. de Flaumont was silent, and the children waited to see if the story was finished.

Henry (at last with a sigh). — Ah! I am very well satisfied with the end of the story.

Clementina. — Yes; but poor Paul must still suffer with rheumatism.

Gustavus. — His good deed was not rewarded very well.

M. de Flaumont. — It has received the reward that we must expect for every good deed, — the consciousness of having done our duty.

Clementina. — It grieves us, however, to see a worthy man suffering for having done his duty.

M. de Flaumont. — It would give us still greater pain, if he had not done his duty. Even if Paul had died, we should not have regretted that he had exposed his life to save Andrew, which shows us that the reward is entirely independent of the deed. However, virtue is not always so difficult. But we must prepare our souls to look upon duty as quite as indispensable when it is difficult as when it is not, and we must not regard anything as a duty which another duty has prevented us from performing.

NOTE. — The Editor would like to learn the opinions of his young readers upon the "difficult duty" question, which this story raises. Address: Editor of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

MIGNON.

THE beautiful picture of MIGNON which we give in this number of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY represents the lovely Italian girl whose story is told in one of the greatest of German novels, Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister." A child of sunny Italy — stolen by a band of strolling players and taken to Germany — she is rescued from their brutal treatment by Wilhelm, who becomes henceforth her protector. Her life, however, is still a sad and restless life, and she dies at last a victim of unanswered love. Very noble, however, is her willing service to the old harper and the little Felix; sadly sweet the songs she sings when her breaking heart can express itself only in music.

In one of these songs which she sang to Wilhelm, her homesick soul utters its longing cry for the bright and beautiful land where she had lived in her childhood. It has often been translated. We give it here as we find it in the translation by the late William Henry Channing: —

"Know'st thou the land where flowers of citron bloom,
The golden orange glows through leafy gloom,
From the blue heavens the breezes float so bland,
The myrtles still, and tall the laurels stand?
Know'st thou the land?
Oh there! oh there!
Loved one, with thee I long to wander there.

"Know'st thou the house? Its roof the columns bear,
The polished floors, the halls so bright and fair,
Where marble figures standing look on me:
'Thou poorest child, what have they done to thee?'
Know'st thou the house?
Oh there! oh there!
With thee, kind guardian, oh, could I be there!

"Know'st thou the mountain-peak, — the airy bridge,
Where loaded mules climb o'er the misty ridge?
In hollows dwell the serpent's ancient brood;
The rent crag rushes down the foaming flood.
Know'st thou the mount?
Oh there, oh there
Leadeth our way! O father, let us there!"

Another of Mignon's songs is the death-song, which she sings dressed in gala attire. We add this song in an English translation: —

"Such let me seem till such I be, —
Take not my snow-white dress away.
Soon from this dusk of earth I flee
Up to the glittering lands of day.

"There first a little space I rest,
Then wake so glad to scenes so kind,
In earthly robes no longer drest, —
This band, this girdle left behind.

"And those calm, shining sons of morn,
They ask not who is maid or boy;
No robe, no garments there are worn,
Our body pure from sin's alloy.

"Through little life, not much, I toiled,
Yet anguish long this heart has wrung;
Untimely woe my blossom spoiled;
Make me again forever young."

HE loseth nothing that loseth not God.

SOME are wise, and some are otherwise.

LOVE makes one fit for any work.

A MERRY heart doeth good like a medicine.

TIME is your best estate; therefore be never prodigal of it.

SIN and misery are not lovers, but they walk hand in hand, as if they were.

THE heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy.

A MAN that hath friends must show himself friendly; and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

History and Biography.

ELIZABETH FRY.

BY EVELYN S. FOSTER.

I HAVE before me, as I write, an interesting picture of Elizabeth Fry reading to the prisoners at Newgate. The reader sits before a table in the centre of the room. She is represented in the simple dress of the Quakers; her face has an expression of great dignity and sweetness; upon it rests the light that always illumines the features of one whose life is filled with a noble purpose. On one side are the prisoners; on the other a group of Mrs. Fry's friends. In the midst of the prisoners are two hardened old women, evidently engaged in a quarrel; one holds a bottle closely clasped in her arms. The rest of the prisoners seem as respectful and attentive as the visitors. Several of them are deeply touched by the reading; their heads are bowed upon their hands. One has a baby in her arms; another holds a pack of cards, in which she no longer appears to take interest. Two little boys are playing upon the floor.

The picture leads one to wish for a better acquaintance with Mrs. Fry and her work at Newgate. Newgate is a famous London prison. It was built as early as the thirteenth century, but it has been destroyed and rebuilt several times since then. For hundreds of years it was in a dreadful condition. In the early part of this century Mrs. Fry began her labors there. Since that time it has gradually improved, and has now become almost a model prison.

Who now was Mrs. Fry? She was born in Bramerton, Norfolk, England, in 1780, and her maiden name was Elizabeth Gurney. Before she was eighteen years old, her interest in the poor and unfortunate began. About that time, she established a school in her father's house for eighty poor children. She was married, when only twenty years old, to Mr. Joseph Fry.

She had many children of her own, whom she lovingly cared for; her home duties, however, did not engross all her time or thoughts. In 1813 she became interested in the poor prisoners at Newgate. She preached to them in a simple, kindly way; read and explained the Bible to them. Many of them had never before heard the Bible read. Mrs. Fry went often to see them, — opened a school within the prison walls, and found work for the women. The results of her efforts were apparent at once, and the good effects have not yet passed away.

Nor did one kind of usefulness satisfy her. She was interested in the slaves and the poor seamen. She wished to help as far as possible the poor, the sick, the ignorant and helpless, wherever she found them. After a time she became a Quaker preacher, and was greatly honored in that profession.

It is pleasant to think that the life of one so useful numbered many years. Mrs. Fry died at the age of sixty-five. The city of London honored her memory by establishing the Elizabeth Fry Refuge, — a place intended to supply food and shelter for women when first discharged from prison. Mrs. Fry has sometimes been called "The Female Howard;" and now, even in our country, when a woman is found who is earnest in good works for the sick, the poor, and the sinful, it is often said, "Here is another Elizabeth Fry." Perhaps, in years to come, those words may be said of some bright-eyed little girl who is now reading my story.

Our Letter-Box.

In our second number we asked our readers to tell us how many times flowers are mentioned in the Gospels. Edna K. (eleven years old), "looked through the four Gospels, and much to her surprise found the only flower mentioned to be the lily, in Matt. vi. 28." Another reader found the same flower mentioned again, as her letter, given below, tells us. Now, will Edna and Florence find out how many times birds are mentioned in those same books, and what birds they are?

Editor of Every Other Sunday. Dear Sir, — The number of times I find flowers mentioned in the four Gospels is twice: Matt. vi. 28, and Luke xii. 27. My brother, sister, and myself enjoy your paper very much, and I shall try and find out more of the puzzles this winter. I am eleven years old.

Yours respectfully,
Florence Parkhurst.

Templeton, Mass.

A letter from Bennington, Vt. (part of which we give below), has an interesting word to say about a *union* Sunday-school in which all work together for the common good. We wish it success. E. H. K. reports also the interest her family take in this department, and sends correct answers given by her children to various puzzles in our other numbers. One daughter (Eliza, 9 years old) sends us answers to the Bible questions in No. 1. Will she not send more? Ethel L. B. C (13 years old) has placed the letters in the anagrams given in No. 3 so that they spell some of the sweetest sentences in the Bible. It is needless to say that her answers are correct.

Editor Every Other Sunday. Dear Sir, — . . . A Sunday-school has been started here (four miles from Bennington Centre), meeting in the school-house, and averaging an attendance of fifty. We have bought a Youth's Companion organ, will take the "Sunday-School Advocate" for the coming year, and have bought Lothrop's "Young Folk's Library." With help from the village and persistency at home, we hope it will continue to be a pleasure and benefit to the community. I believe all are "Evangelical" with the exception of our family, but it is not intended to be sectarian.

To give a mountain flavor, perhaps it would interest you to know that a party of us rode to "Sucker Pond," a deep lake on the top of one of the mountains near here. One of the party walked up, and met two young bears, which seemed quickly to find more joy elsewhere.

Truly yours,
E. H. K.

Bennington, Vt.

We give below a pleasant letter which we have received from a young subscriber in New Haven, Conn.: —

To the Editor of Every Other Sunday: As one of the subscribers to this paper, I want to say that I enjoy reading it very much; and especially do I enjoy studying out the Bible enigmas and questions. The answer to the enigma in this number (Oct. 3) is, "Little children, love one another." In answer to your question in regard to how many times flowers are spoken of in the four Gospels, after considerable study I do not find them spoken of but twice: once in Matthew, the sixth chapter and 28th verse, and once in Luke, the twelfth chapter and 27th verse, and both times of the lilies of the field. That is the only kind of flowers spoken of I could find.

New Haven, Oct. 4, 1886.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

26. Of what did the Israelites make their buildings?
27. Give some account of their houses.
28. What furniture did they have?
29. How were their houses heated?
30. How were they probably lighted?

SOME PUZZLES.

1. Behead and curtail what the flat-iron does to the clothes, and leave to discuss.
2. Behead and curtail what card-players are familiar with, and leave what they should never be familiar with.
3. Behead and curtail anger, and leave an animal.
4. Behead and curtail the past tense of a verb, and leave decay.
5. Behead and curtail an article of clothing, and leave a vehicle.
6. Behead and curtail the world, and leave what improves and gives pleasure to many of its inhabitants.
7. Behead and curtail a verb, and leave a part of the head.
8. Behead and curtail a play, and leave an animal.
9. Behead and curtail a slow and listless way of speaking, and leave not cooked.
10. Behead and curtail a charm, and leave an animal.
11. Behead and curtail a child, and leave what is necessary to keep it alive.
12. Behead and curtail a fruit, and leave a sharp, quick knock.

X. Y. Z.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 3.

ANAGRAMS.

1. A soft answer turneth away wrath.
2. Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness.
3. Blessed are the peacemakers.
4. Little children, love one another.
5. The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.

ENIGMA II.

Priscilla.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

11. See II. Chronicles xxvi. 14, and I. Samuel xvii. 51.
12. See I. Samuel xvii. 5, 6 (part of the verse).
13. See I. Kings iv. 26.
14. See II. Chronicles xxvi. 15, and Ezekiel xxvi. 9.
15. See Song of Songs vi. 4.
16. See Numbers x. 2.
17. See Deuteronomy iii. 5, and II. Chronicles xxvi. 9.
18. See Deuteronomy xx. 13, 14, and xiii. 16.
19. See II. Samuel xii. 31.
20. See Numbers xxxi. 21–31.

For Youngest Readers.

"ANY MIND."

BY LIDA C. TULLOCK.

ABEL is a little girl just learning to walk. But her feet cannot always be relied upon. Sometimes the smooth floor seems to be full of hills and stones, against which she stumbles, and over she goes. Often her head, or her dear little nose, is bumped as she falls, her eyes fill with tears, and her little mouth puckers, all ready for a cry. But her mother runs to pick her up, saying cheerfully, "Never mind, darling, better by-and-by," and Mabel, in listening to the brave words, forgets for the moment that she was going to cry, and by that time the first smart is over. She smooths her ruffled face, winks away her tears, and smiles again as she goes back to her play. And so day after day her mother helps her over the rough ways of life with these cheery words, until Mabel adopts them for her motto.

Her baby lips, however, form them into "any mind," which sounds very cunning to her papa, mamma, brothers, and sisters, as their brown-eyed pet goes about dropping these crumbs of comfort for all who are in distress.

When she has just put the finishing block on a fine tall house upon which she has been for a long time at work, Ned runs through the room looking for a mislaid cap or ball, and perhaps hits it with his eager foot.

Down comes the whole structure, from lofty cupola to doorstep, with a crash that causes him to stop in his course.

He looks around, expecting to see his little sister in tears, or running "to tell mamma of you!"

But no. Although he can see that she is grieved, she only says, "Any mind, Ned, any mind."

Do you wonder then that for a few moments he gives up his search, and lets his comrades wait for him at the garden-gate, while he gets down on the floor by her side, and builds her a house that far exceeds the other, — a house in which her family of paper dolls and her toy dog and cat live contentedly for the rest of the day?

Perhaps she hears Bridget in the kitchen scolding about the stove, because "it won't draw at all, at all." "Any mind, Bridget," she says, and runs to carry a dish, and help all she can, so that dinner will be ready in time.

"Does 'ou head ache, papa?" she murmurs, when she sees her father leaning back in his easy-chair with his eyes closed and his forehead drawn into a frown. She hastens to clamber on his knees, moves her hand softly over his brow, and whispers, "Any mind, papa, better by-and-by."

Many instances like these occur every day, and every day she grows dearer to all of her family. She teaches many lessons to those older than herself; for when they see her bear her small trials so bravely, they are ashamed to complain of their own.

Her parents can only hope that as she grows older she will meet the troubles that come to us all, with the same cheerful spirit, putting her faith in Him who sends them, and believing that all will be better by-and-by.

MIGNON.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

A WORD ABOUT TOADS.

BY MRS. FANNY D. BERGEN.

WHO of my young readers does not know the common toads that live in our yards and gardens? They are not very beautiful, to be sure, but they are quite harmless, and you will find it very interesting to watch them and to study their habits. From time to time, a great many unjust things have been said about the poor toads. I find that children often believe that to touch a toad will cause warts to grow on one's hands; so if one of these innocent creatures comes hopping along they are apt to scream out, "It's poison! Don't touch it, or you'll get warts," and away they scamper. I want you to know how utterly untrue is this notion about warts; and, to prove it, I must tell you that I have known a number of children who were fond of toads and played with them constantly, and yet they never had any warts. Toads may be tamed so as to come when called, and they are very safe and very interesting pets. I know a woman, who when a little girl was so fond of toads that, as she tells me, she "reared whole families of them in the kitchen-garden." She fed them, and played with them, and let them go swimming in a great basin of water, and was very happy with her dumb playmates. By and by a strange family moved into the neighborhood.

Belonging to this family there were several children, whose hands were disfigured by great seed-warts. When they saw their little neighbor fondling her rough-coated pets, in great fright they told her that if she handled the toads she would have warts grow, and showed her their own hands. The little girl had no warts then, or afterwards; but her pleasure was gone, because, as she believed what the children told her, she dared not for years touch a toad.

The rough lumps on a toad's skin do indeed look like warts, but they are very different from these unpleasant growths on the human skin, and have nothing to do with causing the latter. These little knobs on the toad's back are the weapons that Nature has given the homely fellow as a means of defence from his enemies. They are glands, and secrete a peculiar liquid that is very acrid, — that is, of a disagreeable biting character, — so that animals which once have tasted it do not again care to bite a toad. This is one of many strange ways in which Nature protects her children. Have you ever seen a dog grab a toad in his mouth, and noticed the disgusted look with which he dropped his intended victim? In early twilight, if you keep your eyes open you may often see a toad hop down the garden path on his evening walk, now and then stopping to catch a fly. The deft way in which he darts out his sticky tongue and draws in his prey, is as pretty a gymnastic trick as one would wish to see. You will not think him so stupid as at first he looks if you once see his skill in fly-catching. But you must make friends with these much-slandered little animals, and find out for yourselves all they can do and what they know.

HE who has not religion for his pillow is without a resting-place.

A MERRY heart maketh a cheerful countenance; but by sorrow of the heart the spirit is broken.

THE REASON WHY.

BY CARL LIEMER.

"SAY, Rob, did you learn anything about Moses yet?" asked Dick Eliot of one of his companions, as they were sitting on the white marble steps of his home in Philadelphia one afternoon.

"No," replied the other, spreading his little legs to make room for his jackstones. "This is only Monday, and we have until next Sunday; but then I know a lot anyhow. Moses was a little Jew baby, and his mamma was afraid he'd get killed, so she put him in a box, all daubed with slime, and hid him among the weeds in the river; and a great queen came down to the river, and found the box, and when she opened it Moses just holloaed as loud as he could."

"Did n't he want to come out of that nasty box?" asked little Ned.

"Of course," said Hal Evans; "but babies always holloa, they don't know any better."

"The worst part about Moses was when he got big," put in Dick Eliot. "He wanted to be king. His pop said he could n't, but he would n't mind, and when he was going through the woods his hair got caught in the trees and he got hanged, — all because he would n't mind."

"I don't remember that," said Rob, who had dropped his jackstones to listen.

"Well, I would n't expect you to know everything," said Dick, with a superior air, for he was seven, and older than the rest. "Just look there!" he went on, pointing to a boy who was lying flat across the lower ends of the poles of a dray, face downward. "He 's another Jew, — Mose Haifity, — and he 'll come to grief, too, 'cause he is not minding, either."

"I did that once," said Rob, conscious of a longing desire to do it again; "but my papa said I must n't, 'cause it 's wicked."

"Wicked!" repeated Dick. "How do you make that out? Is it wicked to lay on your stomach in the grass?"

"Course not."

"Then 't aint anywhere else."

This speech was delivered with so much authority that Rob began to question whether there could be any right and wrong in the matter. He was five years old, and only lately had reached that happy stage in his life when his boyhood could be proclaimed to the world without question through a real coat and trousers. He felt old enough, therefore, to know things for himself, and he determined to carry this matter to his pastor, who seemed, to him, to know more than all the world beside.

He said nothing about it to any one, but quietly left the little group while they were deep in jackstones, and walked round the corner to the minister's house.

The doctor was engaged in his study, but as Rob thought his mission a very important one, he was allowed to go upstairs.

He knocked at the door, and in response to the "Come in" he entered, and planting himself directly in front of Dr. Whitson, with his clear blue eyes fixed full on his face, he asked, "Is it wicked to ride on your stomach on the long poles of a dray-cart?"

"What!" exclaimed the doctor in astonishment, looking down over his spectacles at his small visitor.

"Dick Eliot says that Moses was hanged by his hair when he was riding through the woods, 'cause he did n't mind his papa."

"Oh, no, my son, Moses died on a mountain-top alone with his Heavenly Father. But what has that to do with a dray?" he asked, smiling.

"Only 'cause I rode on a dray-cart once, and it was real fun, too," said Rob, with an appreciative shake of the head; "but my papa says I must n't do it again, 'cause it 's wicked; but it is n't wicked to get on a chair that way, is it?"

"Oh, I see," said Dr. Whitson, as the truth dawned upon him. "Your father has forbidden your riding on drays lying on your stomach, and you can't understand why it is not just as wrong to lie on a chair in the same way."

"Yes, sir," responded Rob, standing very erect and folding his little arms, "but I don't want to be hanged like — like anybody."

"No, I understand; but you see, Robbie, the wrong is not in the position you take, but in the disobedience. If your father forbids your riding in a dray, and you disobey him, you break one of those ten commandments which Moses received from the hand of God on Mount Sinai, and that would be disobeying God, too. Don't you think that would be very wicked?"

"Yes, sir," said Rob.

"And beside that, you might be killed; for I knew of a boy killed that way once."

"Did you?" said Rob, very much convinced.

"You are growing into a big boy, and that is probably the reason I did not know you at first; but I see now it is Robbie Hillman, and I am very glad you came to see me. Always come, my boy, when I can help you better to understand anything."

Rob went home satisfied, and he took great pleasure in explaining to the boys next day the reason why it was wrong for him to ride on a dray-cart.

BEWARE OF TRAPS.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

DUCKLINGS will go into the water almost as soon as they are hatched. A skunk will saunter into the open jaws of a trap, if you only bait it with an egg, just as readily as a duck will plunge into a pond.

Squirrels are quite easily caught in box traps, as many a farmer's son can testify. Sometimes, however, the squirrel is not to be found, although he has sprung the trap and been caught in it. What has become of him? He has gnawed out; and the boy who owns the trap, as he comes tramping through the woods to see what luck he has had, is delighted, for the cover of his trap is down. But alas! he sees a hole in one corner. He raises the cover, and finds nothing but a heap of chankings. The squirrel did not know enough to keep out of the trap; but once in, he did know enough to get out. It did not cost him much to make good his escape. The use of his sharp teeth for a few hours had set him free.

It is not so easy to catch a fox. The trapper usually sets a steel trap for Reynard. Sometimes he is caught, and quite often he gets away after he is caught. But it costs him something to effect his escape. He counts the cost, however, and pays the price of liberty, and my word for it, he will never put his foot in a steel trap again.

A fox caught by one of his legs will sometimes gnaw off that leg to get away, and then go on three legs the rest of his life. You remember the fable of the fox that had been caught in a trap, escaping with the loss of his tail. He tried, you know, to persuade all the foxes in his neighborhood to get rid of their tails, poor fellow! but he

could not convince them that their tails were useless.

Not long ago I met a deaf and dumb boy, who lives where foxes are quite plenty, and he told me how he managed to catch one. I thought his plan a very shrewd one, and do not wonder at all that it was successful.

There was a stream of water in the woods near his home, and a large tree had fallen right across the stream, over a deep hole. There he set a steel trap. He drove a large nail into the tree, and fastened the trap to it by a long, slender chain. The fox came. He was hungry. He began to paw the bait. The jaws of the trap closed upon one of his fore paws. He was maddened with the pain; and vainly endeavoring to extricate himself, tumbled from the tree into the deep hole beneath it. Of course he could not get out, and was soon drowned.

You ought to have seen the flushed face and expressive signs of the mute boy as he told me how he felt when he came the next morning and carried home his prize.

Sometimes a fox escapes from the trap by losing a foot, for life is dearer to him than even a right paw. The one that the mute boy so cleverly outwitted was tempted by the nice bait before him. He did not know that it was put there on purpose to catch him.

Every bad habit that a boy can fall into is a trap; and once caught, he never can get away without losing something. We sometimes see a notice near an orchard that reads: —

BEWARE OF THE DOG!

I would put up a notice where every boy can see it; yes, I would write it on his heart and have him read it every day. And my notice is this:

BEWARE OF THE FOUR TRAPS:
SWEARING, DRINKING,
SMOKING, AND CHEWING TOBACCO.

USING OUR OPPORTUNITIES.

As Galileo was walking in the Cathedral of Pisa, he noticed one of the lamps, suspended from the ceiling, moved to and fro by the wind. Chandeliers many times before and since have swung, and many people have noticed them. But it attracted his attention particularly; and from it he made the great discovery of the pendulum.

Many of the good Christians of England during the eighteenth century visited prisons, and lamented their wretchedness and their abuses; but Howard set himself about the practical work of improving them. And so at the time of Luther many monks pored over their Greek Testaments in the cells of their monasteries; many good Catholics were shocked and grieved by the infamous traffic in indulgences; but Luther *used* the opportunity; he translated the Bible into German, and led on the Reformation.

TWO SISTERS. A SKETCH.

BY A. K.

THEY never could explain the cause of the accident. Mrs. Weston and her tall, awkward son John, a lad of sixteen, were visiting their friends in Danville. John, who was always rough and careless, began a frolic with little Nelly Lawrence. She was only three years old, a dancing, merry little sprite. First, he held up his hands, and she caught hold of them, and he swung her off her feet into the air. His mother screamed, and Nelly's aunties begged him to stop. "You'll hurt her, John," said they. For they were nervous in their watchful care of the children during Mrs. Lawrence's absence at the seaside with her oldest son, whose health had been so delicate that the wise doctor from New York had advised her to take him away from the mountain air of Danville, hoping the change of scene and climate would benefit him.

"Don't swing her again, John," said Mrs. Weston, and then turned away to say her last affectionate words to her friends, for the carriage was at the door waiting to take her to the depot. She lived in Chicago.

The wilful boy held up his cane. Nelly, as eager for a frolic as he, caught hold, and he swung her as high as he could. His mother called out, "Oh, don't, John." Whether the child let go, or whether he dropped the cane, no one knew, for in a moment she was in a little heap on the floor. The driver was impatient; indeed, he had only time to take his passengers to the train; and Mrs. Weston and her son hurried into the carriage, as they supposed the injury was not serious. An hour later, poor little Nelly was still screaming with pain. The doctor had been called, for it was evident that her leg was broken, twisted under her some way in the fall.

Alice, her sister, six years older, was crying as though her heart would break. Tears were in Auntie Law's eyes, for she realized, even better than Alice, the long weeks of helplessness and suffering that were to be Nelly's portion. She had always been healthy, happy, and merry, singing and dancing from morning till night. She never could walk soberly; her little body was so full of life and activity that her mamma used to tell her she was made of rubber, every motion elastic and light.

The grave doctor looked even more sober than usual; but after the leg was properly bandaged, Alice met him in the hall, and plucked up courage to ask, "Will she ever be well again?" "Yes," he answered, touched by the sight of her tear-stained, frightened little face, "it is only a question of time now. You must not be in a hurry. Take good care of her, and don't get out of patience if she is cross."

It was hard for the older members of the family to understand the blessing that always comes with affliction. They had been happy and cheerful the day before, and now the sick-room of the little one seemed to cast a gloom over the whole house. Nelly's father was a poor man, and the doctor's large bill was an important item to him; but the thought of her suffering and confinement indoors during the lovely summer weather afflicted him so sorely, that he never spoke of the economy that he must practise to meet the expense of this long sickness. However, he could not but feel and show some resentment when they talked of John, and the trouble he had caused by his thoughtless disobedience to his mother's command. Even Aunt Fanny was tried by her friend Mrs. Weston's indifference to what she felt at the time was so terrible a calamity. In her answer to the letter, telling of Nelly's suffering, she wrote that she presumed the little girl was better, for "children's bones always healed rapidly." And unhappy as John, by his rough play, had made the whole Lawrence family, he never sent a message of regret, nor appeared to think again of the little girl he had injured so seriously.

Alice, with surprising gentleness, devoted herself to the little sufferer. As Nelly said, wonderingly, "Alice gives me all her dollies to play with, and don't scold me one bit." Nelly had always been somewhat irrepressible, and had the habit of making unexpected forages into her sister's possessions, which, as Alice was but ten years old, she sometimes resented. Now there was nothing too good for Nelly, in Alice's opinion. Cross and troublesome as the poor little girl necessarily was, — for the suffering and helplessness made her often irritable, — Alice never swerved in her devotion to Nelly. All her visits with her friends of her own age were abandoned; every toy that she possessed was brought forward for Nelly to play with; and, best of all, her own time was freely given to alleviate Nelly's suffering. No matter how tempting the walk or picnic proposed, Alice refused to leave her precious little sister. Day after day, her sweet voice could be heard telling stories, or even repeating "Mother Goose" over and over again for her amusement. Hour after hour was patiently spent in helping Nelly to dress and undress her dolls. No grown-up person could have been half the comfort Alice was. It never seemed to weary her to coax the kitten to sleep on the bed, or to arrange a menagerie of china images of dogs, swans, lambs, or bears, or to prepare a doll's tea-party for the family of dollies that she had collected for Nelly.

One day Nelly had been unusually fretful, and wise Aunt Fanny had sent Alice off for a walk. She spoke seriously to the little one of her older sister's unselfishness, and asked her if she could not be a little less cross to so good a sister. She was interrupted by a burst of sobs from poor little Nell: "I try to be dood, but I tant," said she.

Aunt Fanny comforted the little one, telling her that when she was well again, she could run errands for Alice; and if Alice should be sick, she could wait on her. "But I wish John Weston had never come to our house."

The summer passed; the little girl was better, and told every one that she was "all well." She was little "Sunshine" again, — a name her mother had given her before her injury, for she was so bright and happy a gloomy room seemed pleasant if she came into it.

One Saturday morning when Alice was at home from school, a little figure appeared at the door of her room. Nelly, hugging her pillow, walked in, saying, "I want to take my nap on your bed, Alice, I love you so."

Nelly, as years passed on, had the happy forgetfulness that often comes after a long sickness, of the pain and weariness she had endured, and only remembered "the good time" she had when she was sick; while Alice never thought, in her sweet unconsciousness, that the "good time" was caused by her devoted, loving service.

SEEST thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men.

OUR QUESTION-BOX.

Why does not the Sunday-School Society continue to issue special Services for Christmas, Easter, Children's Day, and Harvest?

The Society endeavors to supply all the legitimate needs of the schools; but for the past eighteen months it has issued no new Festival Services simply because it had on hand a number of very good ones, including those struck off from the plates of the new Service-Book. Now it is about to issue another series, and a new Service for Christmas is just ready.

How can Teachers' Meetings be kept up under the graded system?

The main purpose of the Teachers' Meeting is to help the teachers do their work. Incidental to this is their social value and the opportunity such a meeting affords for discussing and improving the condition of the school. Under the graded system groups of topics are studied in the different divisions. But these topics are interrelated. Their general features can be made the subject of the pastor's teaching to the teachers. He can besides instruct the whole body in the true methods of teaching, answer the teachers' many questions, and quicken and elevate the united work.

Should we teach doctrines in the Sunday-school?

Yes. Why not? The bad repute into which doctrinal teaching has fallen comes from an abuse of the word "doctrine." A doctrine is only a teaching; but unfortunately, when applied to religion, "doctrine" has acquired the meaning of formal and elaborate statements of theological opinion, often about matters where men can at the best "know but in part." For such doctrines Unitarians care very little; but we are none of us indifferent to clear statements of those vital convictions which have been gained by profound religious experience and consecrated study touching God, Man, Christ, the Bible, and Immortality. These convictions should be taught in every Sunday-school; only let them be wisely and judiciously taught by those who are able to impart them to the young mind. In such instruction the maxim, "milk for babes, meat for strong men," is the only sensible rule.

What is the best way in which to appropriate the charitable contributions of the children?

A superintendent asks us this question. It is a more important matter than it is often thought to be. Sometimes children get the impression that their giving money every Sunday is after all only a pious form kept up for the sake of appearance and for force of custom. Yet in every community there are real demands for aid. In all our cities are missions — like the Children's Mission — that should be supported. And children should also be early taught to do something for the moral and spiritual needs of others. We wish every Unitarian Sunday-school would send some contribution annually for the Missionary Fund of the Sunday-School Society. In this way children might be taught the value of that helpfulness which ministers to the mind and the heart. By aiding other children to get good reading and helping other Sunday-schools to have good text-books, they would find that a *Sunday-school Consciousness* was awakened in their own minds.

Our Book Table.

Aspirations. By Helen Hays. New York: Thomas Whittaker. pp. 331. Price, $1.25.

The book opens pleasantly with a description of a fisherman's weather-stained house. Within the home we find a little waif, — the boy "Lillo," with wonderful talent as a painter, and the *will* to become an artist. Later on in the book we meet him again in Florence, a master of his art.

Into the story are woven several pleasant love episodes, which help to brighten the book and make it pleasant reading. M. T.

Her Gentle Deeds. By Sarah Tytler. New York: Thomas Whittaker. pp. 344. Price, $1.50.

A very modest title for a book that records in a delightful story the unselfish acts of a noble woman who, unaided, assumes the entire charge of three little children left orphans by the death of the mother and the neglect of the father. In sickness and poverty she is still brave, and at last succeeds in supporting her wards in a way that trains them to become in their turn noble and helpful. M. T.

A White Heron, and Other Stories. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. pp. 254. Price, $1.25.

Miss Jewett is well known as one of the best of our New England story-writers.

Her new volume contains nine stories. In the opening tale, which gives the title to the book, the loyalty of little Sylvia in keeping secret the home of the heron, when by telling it she might have become rich, is most praiseworthy. All the stories contain good lessons of forgiveness, self-denial, generosity, and courage. L. W.

The Life of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland. By Rosalie Kaufman. Fully illustrated. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. pp. 488. Price, $1.50.

This is an abridged work from Agnes Strickland's "Queens of Scotland." It is written in such graphic language that the reader seems to be present at the infant Mary's coronation, and follows her to France, where she spends her happy girlhood. Her return to Scotland, and the trouble and trial which awaited her in the coming years, are made very real. Though her faults receive notice, she appears the victim of party prejudice, and a martyr to her religion. M. T.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL INTELLIGENCE.

The Annual Meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society was held in Worcester, October 20 and 21. The sermon, by Mr. Hornbrooke, was an able discussion of the responsibility of parents for the religious education of their children. Mr. Lyon spoke encouraging words to all teachers in pointing them to the Source of all strength and inspiration, — the God who is our sun and our shield, working with us, and when we faint giving us shelter and repose.

The address by the distinguished Chautauqua Secretary, Rev. Dr. Hurlbut, gave many interesting facts concerning the *Sunday-school of To-day*, and showed the close connection of culture with religion. Miss Channing's paper was — as all her papers are — sensible, practical, and hopeful. Mr. Slicer gave many excellent suggestions in the line of the work of our Unitarian Sunday-schools. Rev. Mr. Brooke, of London, spoke finely on the need of making our religious teaching really *helpful* to people in order to hold the interest of the young. Mr. Bates touched all hearts by the beauty and power of his plea for storing the young mind with the great truths of Scripture and sacred poetry. Dr. Hale ably advocated temperance work in connection with our Sunday-schools, and told many interesting details of the *Harry Wadsworth Clubs* and the *Lookout Legions*.

The attendance was large, the hospitality of the Worcester parishes generous and hearty, and the general tone of the meetings was uplifting and encouraging.

The following Board of Directors was elected:

President: Rev. Edward A. Horton, Boston. Vice-Presidents: Rev. Charles F. Dole, Jamaica Plain; John W. Porter, Neponset. Clerk and General Secretary: Rev. Henry G. Spaulding, Newton. Treasurer: Richard C. Humphreys, Dorchester. Directors: Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, Providence, R. I.; Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, Boston; John O. Norris, Melrose; Rev. Minot J. Savage, Boston; Rev. George H. Young, Boston; Miss Elizabeth P. Channing, Milton; Rev. John F. Moors, D.D., Greenfield; Rev. Howard N. Brown, Brookline; Robert C. Metcalf, Winchester.

The first meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-School Union for its fourth year was held in the Rooms of the Second Church, Boston, Monday evening, October 25. One hundred and sixty members and guests were present. The general subject discussed was *The Sunday-school of To-day*. Papers and addresses were given by Miss Jacobs, Mr. Spaulding, Mr. Norris, Rev. S. C. Beach, Rev. W. C. Gannett, Mrs. Isabel C. Barrows, and Col. Henry Stone. It was voted that the members should at future meetings wear badges with the name of their school printed thereon.

ANNOUNCEMENTS OF THE UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY.

1. The new "Christmas Service," compiled by the Secretary, containing two new carols by Mr. Clouston, with a variety of other music, responses, etc., is now ready. Sample copies sent free to any address.

2. Mrs. E. C. Wilson's "New Manual for Younger Classes" will be issued December 15. Its title has been changed to "Every-day Life, with illustrations from the Life of Jesus." It will contain a new map of Palestine and ten beautiful pictures of sacred subjects, with chapters of questions and short stories. An edition will also be printed omitting the pictures.

3. The "Reference Book to the Four Gospels," prepared by Mrs. Frederick Winsor, and just published by the Society, should be in the hands of all our Sunday-school workers. It is handsomely printed, and furnished with blank pages for additional references. Price, only 25 cents a copy, for which it will be sent post free.

Address: Unitarian Sunday-School Society, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

Will be published once a fortnight during the Sunday-school year, from September to August, — twenty-three numbers to the yearly volume.

The uniform subscription price of Every Other Sunday is *forty cents* a year; but subscribers residing in the Boston postal district must send twenty cents additional for postage. All members of Sunday-schools who subscribe for the paper will receive their copies in the package sent to their schools.

PUBLISHED BY THE
UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

University Press: John Wilson & Son, Cambridge.